

fissura by handydandynotebook

Series: eep [4]

Category: Cobra Kai (Web Series), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Crack, Conversations, Crack Crossover, Crack Treated Seriously, Crack and Angst, Gen, Implied/Referenced Character Death, Prison, Timeline What Timeline, i cannot emphasize enough that this is crack, i crash landed on crack planet don't mind me

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove's Mother, Susan Hargrove, Tory Nichols

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-13

Updated: 2021-03-13

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:14

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,578

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“On another note...” Tory trails off. She’s still smirking, contented. It’s gonna fall right off her face if Tory tells her about Billy. So she chooses not to, swallows as she picks something else. “Do you think I could get switched to laundry?”

“What for?”

“Stick closer to Susan. She keeps getting roughed up.”

fissura

Author's Note:

this is not going to make sense if u haven't read the prior entries this series (minus the scraps). if u haven't read this series, just hit the back button. i'm an astronaut who apparently laid my claim to crack planet, so this shit's confusing as fuck without context.

still gonna go ahead and call billy's mom cath bc i like easter eggs and st didn't name her, so it's fair fucking game. also idrk wtf this even is, i'm just. yeh, i'm on crack planet now. crack planet is mine, i planted my big ol' crack flag right in the crack crater.

edit 03-13-21, made a BIG fucking ERROR that i fixed ahjdsgkhkgjh. in my defense i was (and still am) pretty high. jfc it was huge and i am stupid but also stoned ahsjgfhrgjghr. fml, get me outta here.

“Hey, baby girl.”

Tory glances up from her notepad as Sweets plops down in her bunk, cigarette tucked behind her ear. Tory's learning to trust her again. It wasn't her fault she couldn't visit last year, the job she had lined up fell through and she had to run again. But Tory still wishes she would've picked up one call at least and told her that, instead of letting her think she'd been abandoned. Again.

"What's up?"

"Gonna head to D-Block with Pat and Alex, shake down some junkies. You wanna come with?"

"I would, but I have anger management with Sue as soon as she's done with her shift."

There's a slight twitch of Sweets's brow, just the tip of her tongue peeking out and flicking over her lips. Tory wouldn't notice if she didn't know her but she does, and realizes it's an indication of displeasure.

"What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Your face said it." Tory knocks their knees together. "Come on, what's your damage?"

"I don't know how I feel about you going to anger management." Sweets crinkles her nose, blinking dubiously. "Doesn't seem very you. It was Susan's idea, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. She was trying to keep me out of trouble. Trying to take care of me, like you." Tory hadn't loved the idea at first, either, but it isn't so bad. She realizes she has a tendency to overreact when provoked and it gets her in deep shit, sometimes. When she rages she rages like wildfire through dry brush, one flame becomes a blazing inferno in the blink of an eye and the next thing she knows, everyone is burned, even herself, even the people she never meant to singe.

With this thought in mind, Tory irresistibly wonders if Miguel's woken up yet. She likes to imagine that he has. Maybe he did a long time ago, maybe he even won the All Valley for Cobra Kai the second

time around. The idea thaws some of the ice in her cold, hungry heart. She likes to think of him smiling and holding up the trophy.

She wonders if this is how Susan feels picturing her dead stepson with a degree. Wonders if she should tell Sweets what she learned, that her son's actually long dead, corpse decayed under the soil.

"Like me?" her brows arch and she huffs through her nose, nostrils flaring. "No. I'd never make you soft, that's not taking care of you. Not in here. You can't afford soft in here, you need your fire."

"Anger management isn't making me soft," Tory protests. "I still have my fire, Sweets, I'm just learning how to use it better. When to let it out and when not to."

The older woman doesn't seem entirely convinced. Stares hard at Tory, her ocean eyes calculating.

"I'll fight you right now," Tory goads, giving her a challenging stare of her own. "You wanna go?"

"I'll gut you like fresh game."

"Not if I break your wrist."

"Tough luck, I'll shank you first."

"Fat chance, I strike cobra fast."

"I'll chow your cobra ass like a motherfucking mongoose."

"That's big talk for an old lady."

"While you're getting too big for your britches, you sassy little whippersnapper." Sweets smirks and ruffles up her hair.

Tory feigns indignation and halfheartedly bats at her, but in truth, she likes it. She thrums with the feeling of fingers in her hair. The sensation of affection skimming warm over her scalp.

"Okay," she yields. "Guess you haven't gone soft on me yet."

"I won't," Tory swears. "Never."

She's learning to keep her anger in check, but she doesn't do mercy and she never will. It's inked into her skin as surely as Sam still carries the scars Tory sliced into her arm.

"I'm gonna hold you to that." Sweets's hand leaves her hair.

"On another note..." Tory trails off. She's still smirking, contented. It's gonna fall right off her face if Tory tells her about Billy. So she chooses not to, swallows as she picks something else. "Do you think I could get switched to laundry?"

"What for?"

"Stick closer to Susan. She keeps getting roughed up."

"Mm. Sorry, baby, I need you in maintenance. You cover more ground, makes it easier to move product."

"Yeah, but...I'm worried about her. And her daughter's worried about her too. Aren't you?"

"Of course." Sweets plops her chin in her hand. "Mousy bitch hardly talks to me, but she did our bastard ex in and that means a lot. I care by default."

"Then why don't you take care of her?" Tory blinks quizzically. "You're not still mad about—"

"I'm not," she answers firmly.

"Good. Because she wasn't trying to step on your toes, she just worries about me. Wants to keep me out of trouble."

"And I don't?"

"That's not what I said." Tory gives her knee another gentle knock. "Sue's just a worrywart, it's in her nature. She hasn't been here as long as us and you were gone. You were gone, okay? You can't expect her to understand how you do things when you weren't even here."

“Water under the bridge.” Sweets straightens her shoulders. “Tory, I’d love to take care of Susan. But I can’t help someone who doesn’t want my help.”

“She’s just shy, she’ll come around.”

“Oh, I know. I’ll make sure of it.” Ocean eyes fall to Tory’s notepad. “What’s that?”

“Uh, strategies.” Tory taps her crayon against the page. “You know. Things I should do when I’m mad that don’t involve throwing objects, destroying property, or hurting other people.”

“Imagining yourself at a country club?” Sweets lifts a brow.

“It’s a work in progress, bitch.” Tory rolls her eyes, gives her a playful shove.

Sweets shoves back. “It’s cute, I’ll give you that. Weird but cute.”

“I know it looks stupid but I think it’s good for me, okay?” Tory idly plucks the cigarette from the other woman’s ear and replaces it with her crayon. “I don’t want to be in here until I’m your age because I did something stupid.”

“Oh.” Her eyes steel and her voice goes frosty. “I see.”

“Wait, I’m— I’m not calling you stupid!”

“No. No you’re not, because that’s what would be stupid. That would be very stupid.” Sweets swipes the cigarette back.

Her voice is still frosty as a snowman but it’s not truly a threat. Tory knows it’s not. Sweets loves her too much.

“You know I wanna get out so I can try to get my real life back. It’s probably a pipe dream but maybe I’ll actually have a shot if I keep doing stuff that looks good, like anger management and the GED classes. If I look proactive and productive, maybe they’ll let me out early.”

Sunset red burns in the corner of her eye and Tory glances up, smiles

in greeting. “Hey, Sue.”

“Aww. We were just talking about you, Suzy Q.” Sweets grins with all her teeth.

“Hello, Catherine.”

“Ooh, always so formal.”

Tory glances between them, frowns. She wishes Susan would warm up to Sweets. She’d have a much easier time.

“Ready to go, Tory?” Susan spares a small, strained smile that probably hurts her split lip. Tory wishes she wouldn’t.

“Not so fast.” Sweets hops to her feet, struts over to the redhead. “Our little cobra here is pretty worried about you. She even wants to switch to laundry so she can keep an eye on you.”

Sweets traces the pad of her thumb over Susan’s blood encrusted bottom lip while she splutters incoherently.

“Oh, T-Tory, that’s not necessary. I told you, I t-tripped.”

Tory crosses her arms and glares sharply in frustration. She can handle Susan’s fantasies, sure, Tory has fantasies of her own. But she doesn’t like being flat-out lied to when she knows something is wrong and she wants to help. “Maybe I believed that the first time.”

“Well, I don’t know. Maybe she’s telling the truth.” Sweets lowers her hand, attention returning to Susan. “Tall, gawky broad like you probably is pretty clumsy, huh?”

Susan glances to her and then to the ground as she meekly bows her head. “You caught me. Not an ounce of grace in my body.”

“I didn’t think so. I watch you, y’know. Lovely shape, shame you move like a lobotomized stork.”

Tory looks between the two of them, wonders if she should butt in. Sweets is bordering bitch mode, but it’s only because Susan’s snubbed her. If Susan would relax and reach out, Sweets would definitely take

care of her, just like she said. Susan killed their battering bastard of a husband, after all. But Susan actually looks uncomfortable, even a little frightened and Tory decides, okay, enough's enough.

She grabs her notepad and gets to her feet. "We should head out, the meeting's starting soon."

"And I'd better head to D-Block." Sweets raises her arms over her head, stretching like a cat. "Have fun, you two."

"Seeya later." Tory flashes her a peace sign and then turns back to Susan, gingerly patting the older woman's back. "Judy said they're gonna have Oreos today. That's a nice treat, huh?"

Susan nods and presses close. Tory can feel her quaking and quite frankly she wants to shake her. Wants to throttle her back and forth and demand to know who's fucking with her. But her notepad says that would be inappropriate, so she refrains and decides to be patient instead.

Author's Note:

did i claim crack planet or did crack planet claim me.